

## OCCUPATION JUST SUITED HIM.

Man with Grouch Had Chance to Laugh at Others' Misfortunes.

"It isn't everybody that gets a place in life that's just suited to him," said Mr. Hobart, thoughtfully, "but I declare it seems as if Jed Loring had landed in the very spot he'd choose above every other."

"I didn't suppose anything would ever suit Jed," remarked Mrs. Hobart, "a man that always thought everybody was better off than he, and never appeared to enjoy anything except other folks' misfortunes. Where in the world is he?"

"While I was visiting Henry's folks," said Mr. Hobart, "they took me across the ferry to the island one day. I thought the face of the man that worked the gates looked kind of familiar, and he gazed at me real searchingly as Henry and I stood there."

"Aren't you Jim Hobart that used to live in Bushby?" he asked me at last.

"I am, and still do," says I, "and it's just come to me who you are. You're Jed Loring."

"He nodded that I was right. 'Got a job that suits you here, I guess,' I said, for he's grown stouter and looks considerable cheerfuller than he used to when he was here in Bushby."

"Yes, I have," says he, real hearty. "Why, this ferryboat runs back and forth every half-hour all day long, and there's hardly a trip but what somebody misses it, and gets as mad as fury!"—Youth's Companion.

## NOT DEPENDENT ON HIS PEN.

Stage Driver Glad Literary Man Had Anchor to Windward.

The solemn-faced man who drove the stage between Willowby and Greenfield never lost an opportunity to display his knowledge to a new passenger, nor had he ever been known to suppress his opinion on any subject, no matter what it might be. "They tell me you're the man that wrote the story that's running now in one of the big magazines. I forget which 'tis," he said one day to a cheery passenger who had been endeavoring to ask a few questions himself.

"I believe I am," admitted the gentleman.

"I've never turned my hand to writing," said the stage driver, flicking his horse in meditative mood. "No, sir, I've been too much took up with other things, but read everything, most. I was having a little talk with Bill Sears about you yesterday. We'd both been reading your last book before this new one. Now, do you rely entirely on what you write for a living?"

"Not entirely," said the author, with due humility.

"That's what I thought when I finished the book," and the stage driver looked kindly at the man of letters. "I'm real glad for ye that you've other means," he said, benevolently. "Got 'em well invested, I expect, too. I told Bill Sears that was most likely the case."—Youth's Companion.

## Appearances Deceitful.

It was high noon when he entered the crowded restaurant. He stood fully six feet three inches in height, was built in proportion, and must have weighed at least 250 pounds. As he strode down between the rows of tables he looked as if he could eat up the house. He took a seat beside a diminutive, fussy little man with a bald head and chop whiskers, who was bravely and successfully polking off a strident steak with onions. The little fellow, with his napkin tightly wedged under his chin and his mouth full of dinner, looked up in wonder at his gigantic side partner, and then down at the frail cane-battered, groaned piteously under its immense weight. But the big fellow took no notice of the little one. When the waitress approached him he gave his order in businesslike fashion.

"Bring me," said he in a falsetto voice, "a cup of weak tea and a couple of doughnuts."

## Aroused Her Ire.

"Female suffrage is bound to come," exclaimed the wandering agitator in the small hamlet. "How would you like to sit on the jury, madam?"

The eyes of the old lady in the pink sunbonnet blazed, and, pointing to the little courthouse, she snapped through her teeth:

"How would I like to sit on a jury, mister? Well, I'd just like to sit all over that jury yander. What do you think they did? Awarded me two cents damages after the blamed steam cars jumped off the track, upset my barn, killed two cows, stunned a mule, cut the cat's tail off and woke up the hired man. Sit on that jury? Well, I jest wish to goodness I could, mister."

## More Advice.

"Ought a man in politics to be communicative or silent?" asked the young man who is learning the statesmanship business.

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "he should not go to an extreme either way. The man who wants to tell all he knows becomes a bore and the man who seems afraid to tell anything he knows becomes an object of suspicion."

## Doesn't Take Warning.

"Does your son profit by your example? Does he imitate your successes and avoid your mistakes?"

"No. He wants to get married."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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## COMPLETE TRIUMPH OF DAISY.

Dread Alternative Compelled the Surrender of Parents.

When Daisy was 15, she called her father and mother into her dressing room.

"Dear papa and mamma," she said, "it is time that we came to an understanding. Hereafter I desire to select all of my own clothes without any suggestions."

Naturally papa laughed at this. Mamma was discreetly silent.

"And," continued Daisy, "I will receive my callers alone."

"I hope," said papa, now growing sober, "that this is all, Daisy dear. You know we have been very fond of you. Indeed, I may say that I am worn out over the struggle to keep you going."

"Too bad about you, papa," said Daisy. "But, no. It's not all. I must go to the matinee at least once a week. Then I shall, of course, go next term to a finishing school. I will let you know the name as soon as I decide. After this you must take me to Europe. These are the essentials. There is also the matter of my coming out, but that can be arranged later. I merely wish now to give you due notice that I must no longer be hampered."

"Suppose," said Daisy's father, "that we refuse to consider your modest request. What then?"

Daisy smiled. She was fully aware of her power.

"Then," she repeated, "I shall take pleasure in telling everybody what goes on at home every day."

Realizing that they were up against it, both parents joyfully gave in.—Harper's Weekly.

## PATRIOTS MUST BE MARKSMEN.

It's Easy to Boast, But Hard to Fight a Real Enemy.

As soon as troops come within 2,500 yards of the enemy to-day they are broken up into squads of eight, over 12 yards apart. At 1,200 yards the line is composed of individual men about two yards apart, and so the approach is made, each man being supposed to take careful aim and pump accurate lead into individual enemies. Every man in the modern army is, or rather is assumed to be, the captain of his own soul.

The untrained citizen, who complacently waits for the president's call to arms before he shows his military mettle, is like the traditional gentleman, who, on being asked if he could play the violin, answered that he didn't know, as he had never tried.

An expert rifleman to-day, says Rupert Hughes in Broadway Magazine, showing the making of American soldiers, is able to plant a bullet in a man a thousand yards distant, at every shot. He might lie in a hand-made trench and destroy a hundred unskilled marksmen before they could reach him. I have seen recruits who had shot for an hour with both eyes open and wondered why they never got on the target. A patriot who doesn't know enough to close one eye and align the two sights and to take the proper elevation and windage is only a windbag when he spouts his jingoism. He is like the reformer who does not know what a primary is or where it happens.

## Timid Diamonds.

The lapidary was about to cut the tail off a tadpole-shaped yellow diamond.

"The chances are," he said, "that this fellow will turn white from terror when I split him. If he does, his value will go up 200 per cent."

The lapidary set his steel knife in position, he prepared to strike on the knife's back a momentous blow.

"Wish me luck," he said.

And the hammer fell, the amputated tail dropped into the box underneath, and lo, the yellow diamond that had been split was now quite white.

"The yellow taint," the cutter explained, "was only in the tail. Yet the taint was reflected all through the stone, and this made it seem of a uniform yellow throughout. Now the taint is gone, and our yellow diamond is a pure white one. The miracle happens fairly often."

## Tarpon Nearly Eight Feet Long.

The world's record for a tarpon catch was broken here yesterday on the Panuco river by the countess of Witton, who has been here for the season with her husband, Sir Frederick Johnson, in their yacht Zenaida.

The fish is seven feet ten inches long and 18 1/2 inches in girth. The former record, not well authenticated, was held by the American consul at Trinidad, being seven feet four inches in length.—Tampico Correspondence of Mexican Herald.

## McKinley's Singing.

"Governor McKinley was not a musician," said Opha Moore, who was a member of his office staff when he was governor of Ohio, "but he had a smooth, soft voice of musical quality and he was fond of the simpler hymns. Often when we were working quietly here in the office a low, sweet humming of a familiar tune—generally a Methodist hymn—would come floating out from the governor's private office, and it was good to hear."

## Anticipated.

"Did you ever figure out how much a few hundred dollars put aside every year will amount to in time?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Plodder A. Long. "But the man with whom I invested it figured it out before I did, and never gave me a chance at it."

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